

AA0000238600



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

# LATER POEMS.

---

HATTIE HOWARD

---



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES







## EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES OF A FORMER VOLUME.

---

“We find these poems of sentiment by Hattie Howard entirely natural, spontaneous, direct, rhythmical, and free from ambitious pretense. Many of the fanciful verses have a laugh at the end; and the collection has altogether a sunny, hopeful spirit and will be welcome in this time of generally morbid expression.” — *Hartford Courant*.

“This author’s verse shows a hearty, wholesome, *human* spirit, sometimes overflowing into downright fun, and a straightforward directness always. It is a pleasant book, sure to be welcomed by all.” — *Hartford Times*.

“These garnered gems reveal a genuine poetic faculty, and are worthy their attractive setting. We give the book a hearty welcome.” — *Christian Secretary*.

“Many of the poems abound in playful humor or tender touches of sympathy which appeal to a refined feeling, and love for the good, the true, and the beautiful.” — *Religious Herald*.

“This poet’s ear is so attuned to metric harmony that she must have been born within sound of some osier-fringed brook leaping and hurrying over its pebbly bed. There is a variety of subject and treatment, sufficient for all tastes, and these are poems which should be cherished.” — *Evening Post*.

“Lovers of good poetry will herald with pleasure this new and attractive volume by the well-known authoress of Hartford. A wooing sentiment and genial spirit seem to guide her in every train of thought. Her book has received, and deserves, warm commendations of the press.” — *Connecticut Farmer*.

# LATER POEMS

BY

HATTIE HOWARD.

---

Books and friends O choose with care!  
Lest, deluded by the glare  
    Of their covers, or their looks,  
You may some day in despair  
    Rue your choice of friends and books.

---

HARTFORD, CONN.  
1887.





# ❖ Contents ❖

---

	PAGE.
MARCH, . . . . .	9
GENEROUS GIVING, . . . . .	11
AMBITION, . . . . .	12
"BEN HUR," . . . . .	13
THE FORTUNE TELLER, . . . . .	15
PENELOPE, . . . . .	17
"WATER ON THE BRAIN," . . . . .	18
TOO SOON! . . . . .	20
SLEEPING, . . . . .	21
TABLEAUX, . . . . .	22
"HOLY LAND," . . . . .	24
BLOCK ISLAND, . . . . .	27
THE DEAR REMAINING FEW, . . . . .	28
A GREAT SINGER, . . . . .	30
SMOKE, . . . . .	32
WORRY, . . . . .	34
IF OTHERS WOULD, . . . . .	35
TUBEROSES, . . . . .	36
DESTRUCTION OF FLOOD ROCK, . . . . .	37
INAUGURATION DAY, 1887, . . . . .	40
"OLD FOLKS," . . . . .	42
MY ART, . . . . .	44
AMID THE CORN, . . . . .	46
THE DIFFERENCE, . . . . .	48
AT SEA, . . . . .	50

	PAGE.
NOT MINE ALONE, . . . . .	52
ON READING SWINBURNE, . . . . .	54
"YOUNG SOCIETY-DARWIN," . . . . .	56
EN HIVER, . . . . .	57
EVOLUTION, . . . . .	58
HIS POTENT PEN, . . . . .	61
HOW SHE WENT AWAY, . . . . .	61
"OLD LIBERTY BELL," . . . . .	62
THE REASON WHY, . . . . .	63
CHOOSING A PASTOR, . . . . .	65
REMEMBER THE POOR, . . . . .	67
THE ICE PALACE, . . . . .	68
THE SEA, . . . . .	70
THE GRANGER, . . . . .	72
SOMNIUM POETAE, . . . . .	74
"SUGARING OFF," . . . . .	75
LIFE, . . . . .	78
A GOBELIN TAPESTRY, . . . . .	79
BEAUTIFUL EYES, . . . . .	82
A DAY IN ANCIENT ROME, . . . . .	84
"MAD ROSE," . . . . .	88
THE MAKER OF THE BELLS, . . . . .	90
ADELE, . . . . .	93
TWO QUESTIONS, . . . . .	94
WESTERN JUSTICE, . . . . .	95
THE BEAUTIFUL HAND, . . . . .	96
TO THE STARS, . . . . .	98
A NOTED PLACE, . . . . .	99
INN-HOSPITALITY, . . . . .	101
LOVED AND LOST, . . . . .	102
OUR FAULT, . . . . .	103
"THE MIND CURE," . . . . .	104
O WEAR A SMILING FACE, . . . . .	107
A CRISTMAS FOWL, . . . . .	108

## ❖ Poems ❖

### March.

March, thou month of varied weather!  
Mild and frigid joined together —

“ Winter,” amorous poets sing,  
“ Ling’ring in the lap of Spring.”

Full of reckless threat and bluster  
Thou, like daring filibuster,  
Will not yield thy fitful way,  
Though a king dispute thy sway.

Month of terror, storm, and blizzard!  
Never work of skillful wizard,  
Though in magic unsurpassed,  
Surer, swifter than the last.

Period of expectation!  
Link between the desolation  
And the glory of the year —  
Time of roses drawing near.

Monarch viewed in many guises  
Giving, as in rare surprises,  
While we stand with cold benumb,  
Hints of balminess to come.

March, like mortals waxing crazy  
For the arbutus and daisy,  
Violet and crocus-cup  
Round our pathway springing up.

Timidly the grass is creeping,  
Daffodils awake from sleeping,  
And the long-dismantled woods  
Are alive with bursting buds.

Sweetest notes are bluebirds trilling,  
Leafless groves with music filling,  
To whose tuneful prophecies  
Every heart responsive is.

Fickle March! from thee we borrow  
Rays of promise for the morrow;  
For are coming, soon or late,  
Perfect days — if we but wait.

## Generous Giving.

I read of receptions in salons of fashion,  
 Of music, militia, and festival bells ;  
 Of elegant banquets that ravish the palate,  
 Of beauty, enchantress and queen of the ballet,  
 In motion as graceful as dancing gazelles.

I think of Society's doings, and wonder —  
 It seems such a foolish and frivolous show —  
 If ever were deeds of beneficence fewer,  
 If ever a thought of the life that is truer  
 Invaded those beings with tinsel aglow.

Then turn for a moment from glittering splendor,  
 And into the hovels of poverty go ;  
 To meet peradventure the jeweled patrician  
 Abroad on benevolent, heavenly mission,  
 Whose kindness alone its recipients know.

O never again may unworthy reflection  
 Thus picture humanity heartless and gay ;  
 For never was more of spontaneous giving  
 Or helping to holier, happier living,  
 Than brightens the earth to her children to-day.

Yea, hidden by drapery, diamonds, and gilding,  
 Do goodness and opulence tenderly keep  
 A corner of love for the fortune-forsaken,  
 Of pity for those by adversity shaken,  
 A tear for the sad who in solitude weep.

### Ambition.

I have not wrought for fame or gold,  
To gain position, praise, or power,  
Nor that I might o'er others hold  
The envied vantage of an hour ;  
For honeyed compliments that lie  
Profuse upon the flatterer's tongue,  
Or Fashion's captive butterfly,  
No song of mine was ever sung.

I would not dare to while away  
In aimless, apathetic mood  
The precious moments of a day  
Without a care for others' good ;  
And thus in Love's unmeasured stint  
An undercurrent seems to run —  
A wish to bear some helpful hint  
Or bit of cheer to every one.

On each impulsive act or word  
Whatever merit may depend,  
Is shown when one, in spirit stirred  
To recognize its honest trend,  
Hath been uplifted ; and perchance  
In thankfulness and sympathy,  
Through lonely space by swift advance  
A cordial hand held out to me.

And so for those who know me true,  
Who've loved me longest, loved me best,  
Because of aught that I may do  
In friendly overtures expressed  
To brighten Life's short pilgrimage,  
Ambition's aim is gratified;  
Though culture, lore, and wisdom sage  
To me forever be denied.

---

"Ben Hur."

Scion of an illustrious line  
For ages rich in noble blood,  
That kept, as 'twere a thing divine,  
Its record clear — beyond the Flood!

What were a haughty rival's boast  
Compared to thine, of ancient home  
And ancestry, whose dawn at most  
Coeval was with that of Rome?

Above, not of, the populace!  
Born to a prince's proud estate;  
But driven from thy rightful place  
By harsh vicissitudes of Fate.

Long service at the galley-oar  
Thy kingly spirit could not crush;  
For Pride in chains than e'er before  
Is stronger, though with conscious blush.

What prowess thine, by all admired !  
That hedged thine adversary in,  
And from "Messala's" grasp aspired  
The victor's laurel crown to win.

One moment, friend and confidante,  
If lovely "Iras" seemed to thee,  
The next, a heart like adamant  
Was shown by her duplicity.

The blandishments of cunning art  
In Egypt's fairest daughters were,  
Beside the love of "Esther's" heart,  
Like charms of wicked sorcerer.

Apollo's self in comeliness,  
Type of thy people Israel !  
In Roman garb, a Jew no less  
Who loved his land and kindred well.

O champion of thy hapless race !  
Our sympathies were all with thee  
In thy desire to see His face  
And serve "The King Who Was To Be."



The Fortune-Teller.

“Gypsy, skilled in chiromancy,  
Telling fortunes by the hand,  
Satisfy my longing fancy —  
Answer all that I demand !

“Dark, mysterious clairvoyant !  
Is there in my horoscope  
Aught to make my spirits buoyant  
In the promises of hope ?

“Whisper, soul of divination,  
Thou who canst the future see !  
Whose the heart in adoration  
Shall its queen acknowledge me ?

“Or if woe, not weal, betide me,  
And of life’s supremest bliss  
Sweet experience be denied me,  
What shall take the place of this ?”

Thus a maiden fair and merry,  
On her cheeks the roses’ hue,  
Lips the deeper shade of cherry,  
Did the sybil interview.

“Maiden ! palmistry my art is,  
Leagued am I with powers that be,  
Known to me the human heart is —  
All its guarded mystery.

“ But there’s something in thy beauty,  
In thy tone so gay and glad,  
Makes me recreant to my duty  
As a palmist — I am sad.

“ Not always thus hard and wrinkled  
Was the face confronting thine,  
And the love-light never twinkled  
Once in brighter eyes than mine.

“ Years ago had I a daughter,  
Fair and beautiful as thou ;  
How I loved, and loving taught her  
Evil thought to disallow.

“ This sweet child was rudely taken,  
Stolen from my side away ;  
I a wand’rer now forsaken,  
Seek my darling night and day.

“ For her sake no drop of sorrow  
Would I pour on thy young heart ;  
By the stars, whose aid I borrow,  
Hope and cheer would I impart.

“ In thy slender palm extended,  
Half-afraid my own to touch,  
Lines in pink and white are blended  
Intricate, expressing much.

“This betokens fame and glory  
 Thou art destined yet to win ;  
 That repeats the ‘new old story’  
 All thy hopes are centered in.

“This” — with closer clasp she caught her —  
 “Aye ! that mark I know too well —  
 Eloise ! my long-lost daughter !”  
 As she tottered, swooned, and fell.

Wond’ring that such mood befell her,  
 Tenderly they raised her head ;  
 But, alas ! the fortune-teller —  
 She, the gypsy-queen, was dead.

### Penelope.

With new delight again we’ve read  
 The story of Penelope —  
 Her patient weaving of the thread  
 Into a fabric, fair to see,  
 Whose consummation it is said  
 Should seal at once her destiny.  
 Her task was ever just begun ;  
 For artfulness as promptly spoiled,  
 As soon as each day’s work was done,  
 The textile web at which she toiled  
 From early morn till set of sun —  
 And thus her anxious suitors foiled.

O, baffled courtiers ! ye who sued  
A hero's loyal wife to gain !  
For untold centuries ye have stood  
As targets for the world's disdain ;  
While she, a queen beloved and good,  
Is honored still in Virtue's reign.

Let modern suppliants profit by  
The lesson, efficacious still  
Though learned, alas ! with face awry ;  
That impolitic, imbecile,  
And " born to rue " are they who try  
To circumvent a woman's will.

---

### "Water on the Brain."

'Twas morning ; in the Orient  
The primal rays of daylight shone  
Till field and forest's dim extent  
Took on effulgence, form, and tone ;  
Anon the mountains' misty sides  
In far perspective glistened bright  
As darkness vanished, that divides  
As with a curtain day from night.

The thrifty farmer, quick astir  
At Chanticleer's familiar notes,  
Doled out to each dumb servitor  
His daily share of corn and oats ;

And letting down the pasture-bars  
    Advantage gave to lowing kine,  
Impatient as untrained hussars  
    To break the ranks of fodder-line.

Then from his ring-streaked, brindled pets,  
    Upon a triple-legged stool  
He sat, extracting creamy jets  
    To swell the liquid lactage-pool  
Within the pail; and spryly stepped  
    From each to each, and did not bilk  
Till all were vacuous — except  
    The cow that gave the buttermilk.

This frothy fluid, looking pure  
    As snowy flakes from Heaven's dome,  
By thirsty city epicure  
    Was guzzled in as bovine foam  
Excelsior — until one day  
    The cattle, splashing through a bog,  
In some unheard-of, wondrous way,  
    Let in the milk a spotted frog

For so the trembling dealer said,  
    Confronted by his customer,  
Who bade *him* gulp it down instead  
    Of shamefully deceiving her;  
Alas! his produce he might “brook,”  
    But could not brook a woman's scoff —

So with a jerk the can he took  
And tossed its mingled contents off.

Of course *he* never told the tale —  
But enterprising rivals say  
Who thrive on his deserted trail:  
“He perished by the ‘Milky Way!’”  
But, with opinions formed with care,  
Are others who the case explain  
In cruel jest — for they declare  
“’Twas only water on the brain!”

---

### Too Soon!

A modest violet, azure-eyed,  
Stirred 'neath its dark, protecting mold,  
And whispered, “Why, it can’t be cold!”  
To the slumb’ring daisy by its side;  
“For I am sure I hear the tread  
Of gentle-Spring above my head!

“Her touch is making all things bright —  
For where the snow was wont to drift  
Upon our bed, a widening rift  
Lets in the blessed, glad sunlight —  
And I can feel the atmosphere  
So warm, I know that Spring is here!

“ I hear a voice that seems to say,  
As from some far-off vernal bower,  
‘ Come forth, thou earliest Spring flower !’  
It sounds so like the voice of May,  
I think I’ll just peep out to see  
If any one is calling me ! ”

And so she did — sweet innocent ! —  
Not knowing that above the ground,  
Grim “ Old Jack Frost ” was prowling round  
With footstep light, on mischief bent ;  
And, lo ! — he nipped her from her stem  
While north winds sang her requiem !

“ Too soon ! ” cried Daisy, in her bed :  
“ The early worm is always caught !  
Just see what poor, dear Violet got !  
I’ll not be quite so fast ! ” she said —  
“ But I’ll appear at a later hour,  
And be the earliest Spring flower.”

---

### Sleeping.

A little crib I sat beside,  
And watched two stars at eventide  
That silken lashes drooped to hide ;  
I hummed a song and softly stepped,  
And in the dark my vigil kept —  
The stars were out — the baby slept !

## Tableaux.

The handsome Spanish artist brought  
From his enchanting land by night,  
His pictures — a bewitching lot,  
Done all by hand — in pink and white ;  
An “Indian Girl,” a masterpiece —  
We mean a *miss* — terpiece, was placed  
On exhibition — with a crease  
Half way between her chin and waist ;  
At which we marveled, much afraid —  
For he was such a taking chap —  
The charming portraiture was made  
While she was sitting on his lap.  
Next came the “Japanese,” admired  
By all, from lovely top to toe  
In shining tinselry attired,  
With eyes cut bias, sleeves to flow ;  
We took her in until she fell —  
That is, the artist pulled her down —  
And then we saw the stunning belle  
Who captivates and sways the town.  
When “Expectation ” came in play  
As graceful as a waterfall,  
We recognized her by the way  
She hung herself upon the wall —  
O, dear ! what language does convey —  
Of course, she didn’t hang herself !



She sat — or stood — the border lay  
With her — inside — upon a shelf ;  
Can't anybody understand ?  
So much explaining takes up time,  
And "Time is Money" — and we've planned  
A thousand ways for every dime.  
Then later, in that very frame,  
In closest jam — a perfect squeeze,  
The "Merry Wives of Windsor" came  
So tight they didn't dare to breathe ;  
Who was old Windsor, anyhow ?  
Like Brigham Young — an awful "Saint" —  
With wives the law did not allow,  
Who choked them into meek restraint ?  
But then they looked so innocent,  
And seemed to like the Mormon plan,  
To have and hold, and be content  
With but the fraction of a man ;  
We saw "Justitia" serene,  
Who on a tub stood upside down —  
Oh ! why, of course, the tub we mean —  
Now do not criticize and frown !  
Had she with honest balance weighed  
Her audience, we do aver  
This statuesque, imposing maid  
Had found that all were wanting — her.  
The manager, with ready wit  
That never yet was known to fail,

7

Convulsed us by the happy hit  
Of offering the gems for sale ;  
Which made "the pictures" pout and groan,  
When, to avert the war he'd waged,  
He said in more emollient tone  
That they were "nearly all engaged."  
Old "Castle Garden" showed a scene  
That all who've seen it understand,  
For "Jean Crapeau" and "Erin" green  
With "Sauer Kraut" were hand in hand ;  
The "Singing School" wound up the show  
With baton flourish grand and fine,  
And when the people rose to go  
The curtain fell on "Auld Lang Syne."

---

### "Holy Land."

Delectable "Holy Land !" magical book !  
In thy pages enchanting, I lingering look,  
And oft am transported in rapture, to dwell  
In the midst of the scenes thou portrayest so well.

With thee, I have crossed the broad ocean, and seem  
To behold every valley and mountain and stream  
That burst on thy vision, and thrilled thee with joy,  
And a memory left, Time can never destroy.

Historic Old England I've traversed, and stood  
Beside sculptured tombs of the great and the good;  
And oft, in Earth's corners neglected, have found  
Lone graves that must ever be hallowed ground.

The steep Alpine track I have climbed without fear,  
While the sound of the avalanche greeted my ear;  
And, surmounting those crowns of perpetual snow,  
Looked down on the beautiful valley below.



top of St. Peter's magnificent dome  
surveyed the vast city of Rome  
ling emotions, and tried to recall  
and grandeur, her pride and her fall.

he were streets that once echoed the tread  
ring armies — and there captive led,  
l, though in fetters rejoicingly trod,  
And sealed with his life his devotion to God.

I've been awed by the Sphinx and the Pyramids, while  
Ascending the sacred, mysterious Nile,  
That still floweth on through green valleys, as when  
In Egypt ruled Joseph — a prince among men.

I've wandered where Thebes, of historic renown,  
That once of the civilized world was the crown,  
In desolate ruins, seems sadly to say,  
Earth's grandeur and glory thus yield to decay.

But the wish of my heart, my life-dream was fulfilled,  
And with sacred emotions my spirit was thrilled,  
When my gaze rested first on the valleys so green,  
Of that holiest land upon earth — Palestine !

There in sweet meditation I “walked by the sea”  
Oft blest by His presence — O, bright Galilee !  
And a beautiful picture my memory fills  
Of a mirror, encased in a frame-work of hills.

I have climbed to the summit, and cannot forget  
The memories that cling around thee, Olivet !  
What scenes have occurred in Gethsemane’s shade,  
Where Jesus hath knelt, and in agony prayed.

I’ve “walked about Zion,” and lingered to see  
The spot where Redemption was purchased for me ;  
And shared in the deep-thrilling awe that awaits  
The stranger who enters Jerusalem’s gates.

All the teachings of childhood came over me, when  
I followed where He, the dear Saviour of men,  
“Went about doing good” — for wherever He trod,  
Are recognized still — the foot-prints of God.

O glorious Land ! that has witnessed the birth  
And the death of our Saviour — no land upon earth  
More favored than thou — and till life shall depart  
Of thee, blessed memories shall dwell in my heart.

## Block Island.

Oh ! billow-chafed and wind-swept isle,  
Engirt by rugged seas ;  
Forsaken by the traveler,  
Forgotten by the sojourner,  
Bereft of beauty's grace and smile  
And summer indices !

An ocean-field with ice afloat  
Thy crystal setting is ;  
The shifting floe, for daring feet  
That holds but danger and deceit,  
Erewhile that rocked the pleasure boat  
And fed the fisheries.

Through many a league of bleakest space,  
The ray that never dies,  
From storm-beleagured Pharos' light  
On fair Montauk or Watch Hill height,  
Of sail and sailors show no trace  
Beneath the wintry skies.

As once the bold, intrepid Kane,  
Hero adventurous,  
For weary months environed lay  
A prisoner in an Arctic bay,  
So thou art bosomed in the main —  
A frigid nautilus.

O lonely isle! the very wave  
That, like a gem impearled,  
Shall hold thee sparkling on its breast  
In bud and bloom and verdure dressed,  
Enfolds thee now as in the grave —  
Cut off from all the world.

---

### The Dear Remaining Few.

The touch beneficent of Spring  
Shall clothe the hill and vale and plain  
With verdure, bloom, and everything  
That makes this world a fair domain;  
But none of these can gladness bring  
To our sad hearts, or wake the strain  
In other days we used to sing —  
Days that will never come again!

Though rich and beautiful her dower  
As ever graced an earthly throne,  
Still desolate the fairest bower  
If we must walk therein alone;  
Or pass a solitary hour  
No friendly hand to clasp our own;  
Can song of bird, or hue of flower  
Make up for one dear face or tone?

With heavy pinions hovering,  
It seems that Death is in the air,  
The whole bright world o'ershadowing ;  
For friends are falling everywhere,  
To whom, departed, still we cling ;  
Life's promises were all so fair,  
And in their presence comforting  
We took no note of time or care.

Around the crumbling walls of clay,  
Their home from ours that now divide,  
In summer-time shall children play  
And lovers walk at eventide ;  
While anguish words cannot portray,  
Our hearts must bear, too oft allied  
To futile questionings why they,  
In grace and beauty, should have died.

O Angel dread ! whose wings have fanned  
The cheeks that bore the roses' hue  
With blighting power, whose fateful hand  
Sweet lips has touched, like poison-dew —  
Behold ! a few yet proudly stand  
Beside us, brave and strong and true !  
Though but a remnant of our band,  
O spare the dear remaining few !

### A Great Singer.

The tears were dropping softly down  
Upon my polonaise —  
A velvet vine-embroidered gown,  
A “Dolly Varden craze” —  
When through the door a little maid  
Came with a timid rap,  
And looking up in wonder laid  
A pansy in my lap.

“Don’t cry!” she said, and turned away,  
And I saw her not for years,  
Whose presence like a sunbeam lay  
Across the path of tears;  
Till in a Western town one night  
Amid a rapturous throng  
I sat beneath the calcium light,  
To greet the queen of song.

The debutante, that gifted child,  
Had been beyond the sea,  
And learned to trill the linnet’s wild,  
Sweet notes of melody;  
Had caught the prima donna’s role,  
Marchesi’s pupil apt,  
And caroled till her tuneful soul  
Grow tremulous and rapt.



Not Jenny Lind nor Malibran  
Sang more divinely sweet,  
Or held, as only divas can,  
Adorers at their feet ;  
That heavenly maid Calliope,  
Among her worshipers,  
Had been distraught with jealousy  
To hear a voice like hers.

But while the world in homage bowed  
To recognize her gift,  
I only saw a sable cloud  
Through which a golden rift  
Of sunlight cleared the mists away ;  
And standing in the gap  
Was she who laid, on that sad day,  
A pansy in my lap.

O cantatrice ! sing for aye,  
And still be good and kind  
As when with childish naïveté  
My sorrow you divined ;  
And for your Fame-crowned womanhood,  
While dear affection swells  
With thoughts of " Auld Lang Syne " renewed,  
Accept Love's immortelles.

## Smoke.

'Twas a zero morn, and the air was keen  
As a glittering blade of Damascene,  
And gathering frost on the window told  
An icy tale of the piercing cold ;  
From savory viands that formed the base  
Of the matin meal — and a whispered grace —  
I watched the vapors curling away  
From a thousand flues in the morning gray,  
And thus to my jubilant *vis-a-vis*,  
Who like a comet eclipses me,  
With sudden thought impetuous spoke :  
“ Why, what becomes of the clouds of smoke ? ”

Do they center and form those misty piles  
That drink in light like beautiful isles  
On the boundless face of the sea of sky ?  
Or low on Orion, like shadows nigh,  
Untold anathemas bringing down  
For tingeing astral castles brown,  
Do they tell star-dwellers what earth must be  
By its dense, exhalant impurity ?  
That light and grace and bloom we lack,  
Our globe is drear and our skies are black,  
Earth's denizens never bereft of a tear  
Because of the poisonous atmosphere ?

Or away on some old plantation ground  
Where freedmen's cabins cluster round,  
And Dinal's bit of tinder stuff  
Emits one feeble, flickering puff,  
Do fumes of Northern wood and coal  
With Southern exhalations roll,  
And like the clasp of friendly hands  
Above those reunited lands  
In mingled waves suffuse the air —  
And, like the blessing after prayer,  
Descend on grass-grown battle plains  
In winter snows or summer rains ?

Do they circle away in vanishing lines  
To rest on the tops of sougling pines  
In the wilderness where the moose-deer roams  
As wild as Zulus in Afric' homes ;  
Where anglers revel encamped about  
The limpid haunts of the speckled trout,  
Where the lumber-camp and woodman's axe  
Efface the wild opossum's tracks ;  
Where Androseoggin's waters sweep  
A mighty pathway to the deep,  
And honest Dow and Statesman Blaine  
Adorn like stars the brow of Maine ?

Or are they wafted, soon or late,  
To El Dorado's " Golden Gate,"

And tossed about by every gale  
That rends Pacific's stoutest sail,  
But redwood giants move no more  
Than Zephyr's breath the iron door?  
Perchance like *nebulæ* awhile  
They hang o'er Santa Barbara's isle;  
Precursor of discomfort hid  
In the weary heart of the invalid,  
To whom the months' incessant rain  
And sunshine's loss is added pain.

O wandering vapors! like the breeze  
That rocks the navies of the seas —  
To intermix with London fog  
The city's arteries to clog,  
Or dimly veil the face serene  
Of proud Britannia's sovereign queen —  
Though North or South, or West or East  
Diffusing like the foamy yeast,  
O errant vapors! lost in space  
Like shreds of fine illusion lace,  
To other worlds bear not the joke  
That *ours* is wreathed in tobacco-smoke!

### Worry.

Contentment reigning in the heart  
Knows never fuss nor flurry;  
It is not work that wears one out  
But everlasting worry.

### *If Others Would.*

If other human beings had  
The goodness that is his,  
The tender love and sympathy,  
The winning courtesies,  
This world would never be the vale  
Of sorrow that it is.

If other mortals would extend  
A helping hand to those  
Who, by untoward Fate, endure  
Misfortune's cruel blows,  
Prosperity and happiness  
Would blossom as the rose.

If others would but learn of him,  
In hearts of gratitude  
Who must forever be enshrined —  
O, if they only would,  
Each in his own appointed place  
Might do a world of good!

No preacher nor philosopher,  
Nor saintly acolyte,  
More clearly understands that Earth  
Cannot be Eden quite —  
And yet he bears a cheerful part  
In setting it aright.

### Tuberoses.

O rarest of flowers ! that seem to exhale  
On the stillness of air, or the breath of the gale,  
All effluent odors in botany shrined ;  
The volatile essences richly combined  
Of orchis diffusions, deliciously blent  
With lavender, orange, and balsamine scent.

No jessamine chalice or hyacinth vase,  
No mignonette-perfumed or blossoming space  
Of violets redolent, dewy and sweet,  
With delicate fragrance is half so replete,  
As one of these exquisite florets that hold  
The cream of aroma in waxen-like mold.

There's a "Flowery Kingdom" way over the sea,  
The home of the Mongol, the "heathen Chinee"—  
But *why* this cognomen of fanciful sound  
Applies to their bit of terrestrial ground,  
No pundit can tell, be he ever so wise,  
And chance if Confucius himself could surmise.

But Yankees, quick-witted and willing to guess,  
Are equally ready and free to confess —  
By "coolies" imported who slavishly toil  
As cheap as the dirt on American soil —  
That every known spot where a Chinaman dwells  
Is held in remembrance — because of its "smells."

And so, to preserve our dear continent free  
From Eastern effluvium, what can there be  
More potent and lasting in counter-effect,  
The dainty olfactory sense to protect,  
Than lovely tuberoses, ambrosial and rare,  
In fine distillations suffusing the air ?

And as in the ocean when refuse is tossed,  
By free salination impurity's lost,  
So these liliaceous corolla-cups bear  
In happier living a recognized share ;  
And prove their beneficence, beauty, and worth  
Refining, adorning, and sweetening earth.

---

### *Destruction of Flood Rock.*

O restless man ! unsatisfied  
With Earth whence sprung thy parent-tree,  
Upon whose branches far and wide  
Hang jewels of thy pedigree,  
Fair scions touched with family pride  
That marks their true heredity !

Doth not this mundane planet, graced  
With light and bloom and beauty sweet,  
By its Designer firmly placed  
Beneath thy own inconstant feet,  
Respond to thy fastidious taste,  
Or its requirements kindly meet ?

The cascade leaping from its source,  
A crystal spring upon the hill,  
Becomes a mighty water-course  
Subservient to thy slightest will,  
And gives of its unfailing force  
To guide the loom or turn the mill.

The monarchs of the forest bow  
Beneath the sturdy woodman's axe,  
The glebe unrolls before the plow  
A furrow for the yeoman's tracks,  
And science from the mountain-brow  
Discerns a planet's parallax.

The billowy sea, that danced and laughed  
And man's dominion long defied,  
Bears on its bosom princely craft —  
Palatial ships that proudly glide ;  
Or flying sail that breezes waft  
With speed that rivals time and tide.

Yet combating alike rebuff  
Or ridicule, unlimited  
Is man's ambition — not enough  
The scope of his victorious tread  
Till ocean-reefs, sea-chafed and rough,  
Are riven in their stony bed.



A little hand so soft and white  
Impels the swift electric spark,  
The hidden fuse that shall ignite  
In submarine recesses dark,  
Which like a flash of Heaven's light  
Goes straight to its projected mark.

As if the dreaded Typhoon gale  
Had vexed the spirit of the main,  
Uprose an instantaneous wail  
Of subterranean rage and pain ;  
As when that ancient temple-vail  
By power divine was rent in twain.

As if Titanic power lay  
In youth's dexterity and grace,  
Or as a giant would convey  
Neptunian rocks through airy space,  
So scattered fragments leagues away  
Of sunken ledges wrenched apace.

Rejoice, O mariner ! to thee  
Shall " Hell-Gate " nevermore present  
An obstacle that may not be  
By man's devices circumvent,  
Till hither vessels ride as free  
As Arab from his desert-tent.

As calm succeeds the tempest's roar,  
So elements are reconciled ;  
Now, conqueror of sea and shore,  
Since "Peace on Earth" again hath smiled,  
Be thou contented evermore  
And led — as by a little child !

---

### Inauguration Day, 1887.

Ascending smoke from countless flues,  
Like floating nebulae,  
Hung over snowy avenues  
As trackless as the sea ;  
Where rural lane and city street  
Unbroken stretches lay,  
Beneath the sun that rose to greet  
Inauguration Day.

Inspirited by fife and drum,  
Militia bands enrolled,  
From office, bench, and counter come  
Like minute-men of old ;  
A glittering retinue, who led  
The chosen ruler's way  
With serried ranks and martial tread,  
Inauguration Day.

Not fairer was that world renowned,  
 Suburb Pantheon dome,  
 That like a storied temple crowned  
 Antique and classic Rome,  
 Than Hartford's stately edifice,  
 In festival array  
 Like some enthroned impératrice,  
 Inauguration Day.

Proud Capitol ! in chiseled grace  
 Like beauty's sculptured queen,  
 Environing in council space  
 A grand impressive scene,  
 That angels must have thrilled to see ;  
 Who registered for aye  
 Those solemn vows of fealty,  
 Inauguration Day.

As governors thus come and go,  
 May each unsullied be  
 And wear like garments of the snow  
 The robe of purity ;  
 In fair Connecticut—our State—  
 May rectitude hold sway,  
 And love of justice consecrate  
 Inauguration Day.

### “Old Folks.”

Mysteries of election day  
Yet had scarcely cleared away,  
Ere attention all was drawn  
To a strange phenomenon —  
Wondrous transformation rare  
Happening at our fancy “Fair.”

In the twinkling of an eye —  
Not a shade of reason why —  
Rosy maidens, laughing-eyed,  
Ruddy youth, our hope and pride,  
All their bloom and freshness lost —  
Like carnations nipped by frost.

Heads as suddenly grew white  
As if due to awful fright,  
While the sobriquet “Antiques”  
Rose from costume’s crazy freaks;  
For such robes, put on at dark,  
Might have come from “Noah’s ark.”

Spirit full of revelry,  
First appeared in ecstasy  
She whose ruff and spacious dress  
Marked the days of good “Queen Bess” —  
While our modern queen took on  
Style of “Martha Washington.”

"George " was hanging round near by —  
He who could not "tell a lie" —  
When the "flour-pot," he said,  
"Had been emptied on his head,"  
We believed him, — for we knew —  
By his locks — it must be true !

Charmed by "Jacob's " fluent tongue,  
To his arm, confiding, clung  
"Rachel " — saucy, sweet, and quaint —  
Far from being solemn saint !  
Even in grandmother's cap,  
Still admired by many a chap !

Could it be that "fourteen years'"  
Alternating hopes and fears,  
Waiting for his "Rachel " fair,  
Thus had bleached out "Jacob's " hair —  
Carved his alabaster skin,  
Put those extra wrinkles in ?

Clad in antiquated rig,  
Snowy cue and periwig,  
Polished, graceful, well at ease,  
Prodigal in arts to please, —  
Who'd have thought that courtly man  
Was "our bashful, modest Dan ?"

Thus, in highest style of art,  
Each so well assumed his part

In fantastic, odd disguise,  
That we scarce could recognize  
One of that capricious set  
Whom an hour before we met.

Sweet delusion ! born to last  
Only till the "Fair" had passed !  
For with morn's succeeding dawn  
Every trace of age was gone ;  
While the "box receipt" supply  
"Our piano" helped to buy.

---

### My Art.

As if my unpretending rhymes  
Publicity might ever claim,  
Or echo rapture as in chimes  
Resounding from the bells of Fame !  
I never dreamed of such renown,  
And only wrote because my heart  
Provoked the same resistless frown  
Whene'er I tried to fetter art.

The solemn grandeur of the sea,  
The beauty of the summer sky,  
The song-bird's revel, wild and free,  
In rhythm spake to ear and eye,  
Till melody possessed my soul ;

And Poesy, as if astir  
The measured numbers to control,  
Became its meet interpreter.

And other hearts that throbbed as mine,  
Intensified and thrilled no less,  
Grew covetous of every line  
So facile-traced that could express  
Their undivulged, unuttered thought ;  
And praised each lyric pseudo gem,  
And gratefully the singer sought  
In metric strains who sang for them.

I have not borrowed of the books  
That teach symmetric, polished phrase,  
Nor delved in musty, classic nooks ;  
Nor dared to penetrate the maze  
Of Concord's deep philosophy —  
And Buddhist fallacies I hate ;  
For never shall *my* Heaven be  
An aimless, vague, Nirvana-state.

But narrow-sphered to critic sight,  
Have I with true, unsullied pen  
In kindness essayed to write  
As one who loves his fellow-men ;  
And when my gift persisted in  
Hath wakened some accordant note,  
It hath to me sweet solace been  
And Sorrow's potent antidote.

As use and polish render bright  
The rusty cimeter of steel,  
So poor endowments turned aright  
An unsuspected grace reveal;  
And thus I dream, and feel, and know  
That in celestial atmosphere,  
To full fruition yet shall grow  
The bud of talent lent me here.

---

### Anrid the Corn.

When roasting ears are peeping through  
Their silken tassel curls,  
When corn leaves glisten in the dew  
Like ribbons strewn with pearls;  
When Phœbus' splendor is revealed  
And gilds the summer morn,  
I love to walk the furrowed field  
Among the rows of corn.

It brings to mind those vanished days  
In adolescence sweet,  
When through familiar seas of maze  
With ardent, childish feet  
That never tired, the glebe I trod  
The "hired man" to warn  
Where grew the tares, or where a clod  
Obstructed hills of corn.



A happy home upon the farm  
In memory holds a place,  
That city life with all its charm  
Can never quite efface.  
O give me back the days of yore!  
When I, a farmer born,  
In pantalet and pinafore  
Grew up amid the corn.

O that I could to nature true  
From etiquette relax,  
And follow, as I used to do,  
Papa's unerring tracks!  
A scholar, who could wield the pen,  
Whose honors well were borne,  
Was he — this noblest, best of men —  
Who plowed and hoed the corn.

I'd rather be, though dumb and droll,  
An effigy to-day,  
A man of straw upon a pole  
To scare the crows away,  
Than like a figure fashion-spun  
A palace to adorn,  
Disdainfully look down on one  
Who works amid the corn.

## The Difference.

Love is no restricted part  
Of a woman's trusting heart,  
Balancing in like degrees  
Other traits and qualities,  
Like a "corner lot" of bliss  
In its guarded edifice ;  
'Tis her very life wrapped up  
In the secret treasure cup  
Of her soul — its vital sense  
Holding proud pre-eminence  
Over every other thought ;  
'Tis a ray supernal caught  
From effulgence round the Throne —  
"God is Love" — and He alone.

Love in man is little more  
Than a ripple passing o'er  
The deep current of a life  
With untold diversions rife ;  
Either knotty points of law  
All his aspirations draw,  
Or resistless struggles he  
With some new theology ;  
Or, as children play with blocks,  
Notes the rise and fall of stocks,

Fraternizes "bulls and bears,"  
Speculating unawares  
Till his soul in not a cleft  
Hath for love a "margin" left.

Maiden with the blooming cheek,  
But a word to thee we speak;  
If a man shall say: "To you,  
O, my love! my heart is true  
As the needle to the pole —  
Day-star art thou of my soul!  
If thou look disdainfully  
On my suit, repelling me,  
All the solace that I crave  
Shall be this — an early grave —  
And the finale to thy scoff,  
My untimely taking off!"  
Do not on his words rely —  
Just for love men never die!

But, creation's lord, if thou  
Cherishest a mutual vow,  
Do not, we admonish thee,  
Let the monster jealousy  
Drive thy sweetheart to despair;  
Tempting her to say: "Beware,  
Faithless one! do not forget  
Love shall be requited yet;

Glistening on yonder green  
Shall a double cross be seen ;  
Since thy perfidy I've known  
I will die — but not alone !”  
O believe her — sure as fate  
She will do it — soon or late !

---

### At Sea.

The victim of miscarried plans,  
This rueful self, as all may see,  
A pouting “ward in chancery,”  
Perforce abideth yet on lands  
As hot as arid desert-sands ;  
But that immortal spirit-part,  
Mine *alter ego*, longing heart,  
Whatever it may be,  
Is far away at sea.

Like unspent geysers pours the heat,  
O'erflows its crucible of brass,  
Makes crispy sward of verdant grass,  
To lava-beds converts the street,  
And sears the soles of tender feet ;  
While dear copartners wonder much  
If this intense caloric touch  
Affects my fancies free —  
O never ! I'm at sea !

What though the torrid atmosphere  
This "too, too solid flesh" transform  
Into a compound soft and warm,  
And sad companions drop a tear,  
O'er one who lies unburied here!  
It is not I — I'm on the wave —  
In cool circumfluence I lave  
And pure felicity,  
A nereid of the sea.

Seek I a kingdom? 'tis the main!  
Where I may smile at billows high,  
The vortex of the deep defy,  
Consort with him whose potent reign  
Encompasses the watery plain;  
Or with admiring, ardent eyes  
Behold the glorious sunset skies,  
In rainbow mystery,  
That beautify the sea.

*Mais il est mal à propos* though,  
That some resistless, secret art  
Hath forced the spirit to depart;  
For everywhere I chance to go,  
That is — this empty shell — I know  
That friends who value my caress  
Remark my absent-mindedness,  
And wish the soul of me  
Were not so far — at sea.

### Not Mine Alone.

The landscape, that in verdure glows  
With all the freshness of the rose,  
In myriad forms of beauty, throws  
    A spell of rapture o'er me ;  
As like a queen upon her throne,  
From lofty parapet alone  
I view, admire, and call my own  
    The hills and vales before me.

Yes ; all is mine, of beauty wrought  
By superhuman skill and thought—  
A priceless heritage, which naught  
    Can wrest from my possession  
While satellites in splendor shine,  
And joyous sounds, and prospects fine,  
On every thrilling sense combine  
    To make their true impression.

In rare, pellucid atmosphere,  
Through tangled boughs afar I peer—  
Receptacles of hidden cheer  
    In fruitage, ripe and ruddy ;  
Like odd designs in arabesque,  
Though wild, fantastic, and grotesque,  
Presenting scenes so picturesque  
    I fain would pause to study.

Might awaken deep unrest ;  
Fire the blood of one possessed  
Even of a royal crest,  
    Scion of a kingly line.

Thine is matchless eloquence —  
    Thou a benefactor born !  
As, endowed with prescience,  
Thou dost search out vain pretense  
'Neath the garb of innocence,  
And in true benevolence  
    Hold it up to human scorn.

Does that winged steed Pegasus —  
    He who threw Bellerophon —  
Risky as a blunderbuss,  
Frisking round so mischievous,  
Ever show his animus  
Mettlesome, and hazardous  
    To thy safety, Algernon ?

As enchanted we peruse  
    Stanzas rich in polished lore,  
Envy we the power that woos,  
In Parnassian interviews  
With thy generous patron muse,  
Favors none knew how to use  
    Half so gracefully before.

Who so prodigal to thee?  
King of meters, tell us, do!  
Is it fair Calliope —  
Goddess eloquent is she —  
Or divine Melpomene?  
Tell thy secret, so may we  
Importune the muses, too!

For, O Swinburne! to thy height  
We — poor publican afar —  
Downcast and despairing quite,  
Dare not lift our eyes, but smite  
On our bosom day and night;  
Thou the sun in splendor bright —  
We, not even a tiny star!

---

### “Young Society-Darwin.”

In vestments fine, the latest plan,  
The tailor had arrayed him;  
His low-necked jacket, light rattan,  
And staring lens betrayed him;  
But in our hearts we never can  
Find language to upbraid him,  
But try to call this thing — a man!  
Because the Lord hath made him.



In parting benison benign  
The sunset glow, like mellow wine,  
Irradiates this wealth of mine

With marvelous refulgence ;  
Like that a mortal blest perceives  
On "one of those ambrosial eyes  
A day of storms so often leaves,"  
To crown its wild indulgence.

The aureole, o'er field and town,  
Might tempt a wandering seraph down  
To view that iridescent crown

Whose brilliance so enchants me.  
I can but wonder if it be  
The splendor of reality,  
Through some supernal agency,  
Or due to necromancy.

All beauty, charm, and novelty  
Beneath the sky, is not for me  
Alone the heritage ; for he

Who hath an ear to hear it,  
Or eye to see — it matters not —  
With true esthetic ardor fraught,  
May claim whatever God hath wrought  
For eye, and ear, and spirit.

And who, with highest sense endued,  
From boundless riches, oft renewed,

Would choose the best of all that's good,  
Will find his chief employment  
In lonely haunt, or busy mart,  
In searching out that valued part;  
To treasure it within his heart,  
A well-spring of enjoyment.

---

### On Reading Swinburne.

Poet! thou hast wondrous art,  
Rare as necromantic skill!  
Thou canst touch the coldest heart,  
Life and love to it impart,  
Make the crystal tear-drop start  
As, unchained, thy fancies dart  
Hither, thither, at thy will.

Words but playthings are to thee —  
Which like happy child among  
Thou dost revel fearless, free,  
Leaping oft the boundary  
Of conventionality,  
By the strength of imagery  
In thy metric mother-tongue.

Taken at thy very best,  
There's a "lilt in every line"  
That, in rude plebeian breast,

## En Hiver.

Le long de la rue neigeuse,  
Dans la saison rigoureuse,  
Je passe souvent,  
Tout oubliant la tempête  
Qui frappe autour de ma tête  
Furieusement.

Sans peur, sans souci, sans peine,  
Je marche comme une reine,  
Essayant avoir  
L'air bon ; rencontrant l'orage  
À bras ouverts, mon visage  
Éclatant d'espoir.

Sous son tapis blanc la terre,  
Une grande mer de verre,  
Quand vient le printemps  
Fleurira comme la rose ;  
Nous donnant beaucoup de cause  
Pour contentement.

Parmi la neige à l'aurore,  
Ou en regardant la flore,  
Je me satisfais ;  
Car l'étoile d'espérance  
Peint le ciel de l'existence  
Le teint violet.

## Evolution.

Ho, everybody ! an hour purloin  
From time's brief distribution  
Of leisure moments, just to join  
The "class in evolution."

To all the world tuition's free —  
A school with no defection,  
No begging for admission-fee,  
And better, no collection.

Did love for geologic laws,  
The all-prevailing passion,  
Lead us ? Oh, no ! we went because  
To go was all the fashion.

For we had loved to stare at stars  
On some ambrosial even ;  
Or, through the moonlight's argent bars,  
Look longingly to Heaven.

Or, far removed from haunts of men,  
This mundane sphere forgetting,  
Admire that distant sky-land when  
The golden sun was setting.

Then, presto ! what a fall was there !  
As landed 'mid the strata  
Of subterranean regions, where  
The darkness dims the data.

In eloquent, unwritten speech,  
Defying skill of sages,  
To read what rocks so grandly teach  
About the vanished ages.

How wonderful ! that science can  
Bridge o'er the mighty chasm  
Between the dear, developed man  
And shapeless bioplasm.

Yet, every mite that ever groped  
Before or after Noah  
Is classified and microscoped,  
And labelled "Protozoa."

By evolution laws we find,  
Though dimly comprehended,  
That vertebrates of human kind  
Are from a worm descended.

Again 'tis said — does logic fall ? —  
Because we've heard a dozen  
Times, at least, that every whale  
Is our primeval cousin.

Propounding theories like these  
Nobody seems to bother ;  
And we may choose whate'er we please  
For our revered forefather.

Imagination runs away —  
For what is there to hinder,  
When all the wise logicians say  
That water is a cinder ?

In his most lucid interval  
Did anybody think it —  
That aqua, too, is a mineral ?  
And so, how dare we drink it ?

So marvelous and plausible  
Are these advanced ideas  
Unto a world already full  
Of ills — and panaceas,

And all explained in tones as clear  
As softly tinkling cymbal ;  
Not sounding brass beguiles the ear,  
But cultured Mr. Kimball.

But, touching our ancestral tree,  
Our filial doting spirit  
Resents the thought, and sighs that we  
Were ever born to hear it.

By turns we scowl and smile and grieve,  
Then grow severely spunky ;  
Because we *never will* believe  
That man — was once a *monkey* !

### *His Potent Pen.*

A power was his unique and strange,  
That held the world entranced ;  
Beyond whose utmost, loftiest range,  
By easy flights advanced,  
He soared, and wrought amid the stars  
The diction that no blemish mars.

He touched his pen and moved so free —  
Because he willed it so —  
The waves of Thought's tremendous sea ;  
Whose ever-widening flow  
Still circled in controlling reach  
Of purpose marked by polished speech.

What was it lay in a bit of steel,  
A nib of gold, or quill,  
That made the world accordant feel  
As touched with tender thrill ?  
Why, only this — his potent pen  
Was dipped in love for his fellow-men !

---

### *How She Went Away.*

We bade her good-night, looking into her eyes  
Already that shone with celestial surprise,  
And when we returned — a brief interval-space —  
A beautiful angel had taken her place.

### “Old Liberty Bell.”

O, Liberty herald! thy echoes I hear,  
As down through the century, year after year,  
The resonant voice that our forefathers knew,  
Triumphant and thrilling, still loyal and true,  
In pæans rings out o’er the land that we love,  
Proclaiming good-will to the people thereof.

In thy reverberations sonorously mix  
With the patriot spirit of Seventy-Six,  
The soul, that seems wafted from some distant shore  
As if intervening, rough seas passing o’er,  
Of “Old Independence,” obedience to God,  
Resistance to tyrants at home and abroad.

From the bosom of Earth wast thou, Liberty Bell,  
In crude metal taken, and fashioned so well,  
And by skillful artificer given a tongue  
In the City of Brotherly Love that first rung,  
As Victory’s bright, starry pennon unfurled  
To the uplifted gaze of a wondering world.

Old Liberty Bell! though corroded with rust,  
And choked and half-buried ’neath undisturbed dust,  
And haplessly cracked on that memorable day  
In overstrained efforts to greet Henry Clay,  
Thy clarion notes of the past resound yet,  
Recalling the days we would never forget.



Now, Liberty Bell, on thy way to the South,  
Thy history travels before; every mouth  
Can the story repeat of the stirring events  
That led to the birth-day of Freedom — and hence  
To our proud elevation, and paramount worth —  
Admired and honored all over the Earth.

May favors auspicious thy wand'rings attend,  
And greetings fraternal from Northern hearts blend  
With those of our neighbors, till courtesies kind  
Shall "many in one" so harmoniously bind,  
That in jubilant tones shall thy aged tongue tell  
Of a country united, O Liberty Bell!

---

### The Reason Why.

The bobolink and oriole  
Are wild with blithesome singing;  
Each pouring out his happy soul  
In gleeful notes beyond control,  
Till melody is ringing  
In forest, field, and orchard gay  
With countless blossoms' rich array.

The pendant leaf is never still,  
The bending twigs are dancing  
As if in rapt, accordant thrill

With every fresh, spontaneous trill  
From tuneful throats, enhancing  
The gladness and the glory of  
Sweet May, the month that warblers love.

Hilarious lad and romping lass,  
Alert in vigor bounding,  
Come unawares in meadow grass  
On many an interwoven mass  
Of fibers fine, surrounding  
That little world where bird and mate  
In hope exultant watch and wait.

Thus every nest, half-hidden by  
The verdure round it growing,  
A home reveals — explaining why  
So gaily sing and lightly fly  
The feathered songsters ; knowing  
That in their promised fledgeling brood  
Shall song and rapture be renewed.

So, like the birds, the heart doth sing  
In dulcet tone and meter,  
That hath some fond, endearing thing  
'Round which its tendrils twine and cling ;  
So is existence sweeter  
To one who holds in cherished thought  
Some love-encircled, home-like spot.

## Choosing a Pastor.

Now this is what the deacon said :  
(May blessings crown each saintly head !)

“ For leagues around we’ve sought to find  
Some one to fill the place  
Who shall our hearts together bind ;  
An honest man as God designed,  
With earnest purpose, cultured mind,  
And liberal share of grace.”

Then anxious parents had their say :  
(Whose scions claim the right of way !)

“ Before the winning flag unfurls  
We clamor for the youth ;  
’Mid business cares, in social whirls  
We cannot train our boys and girls —  
Before them, *he* must scatter pearls  
Of wisdom and of truth !”

The young men exercised their brains :  
(And for a while forgot their canes !)

“ We want a man about our size,  
A manly, whole-souled, genial chap,

Who, though he may have won the prize  
In Greek and Hebrew exercise,  
Can catch a base-ball as it flies,  
Or wear the umpire's cap!"

The lovely maidens shook their curls  
And said:—(Oh, my! what saucy girls!)

"Now we won't have a pastor prim  
Or grave, with carping tongue!  
He must be handsome, tall, and slim,  
Our cavalier in twilight dim,  
And we'll lay down our lives for him—  
Of course, he must be young!"

The populace at large chimed in:  
(Who dodge the missiles aimed at sin!)

"He may be prophet, king, or priest,  
A 'Tabernacle Saint'  
Who has his congregation fleeced,  
For aught we care—but this at least  
We want—an intellectual feast  
Without sectarian taint!"

Thus everybody aired his views  
About the kind of man

Our wealthy, cultured church should choose  
To wear our "Reverend Idol's" shoes ;  
But no one dreamed he might refuse  
To come, and spoil our plan.

In course of time we half agreed  
A certain man might do,  
Who seemed to apprehend our need ;  
But, though particular indeed,  
It never entered in "our creed"  
That he might be so, too.

And so, at last, we gave a call  
To him that, to our mind,  
Appeared embodiment of all  
That we had hoped for — pretty, tall,  
Whose many virtues might appall  
The careless world in evil thrall ;  
In eloquence, bereft of drawl ;  
As copious as a waterfall,  
Whose bump of avarice was small,  
Whom we believed adept at ball ;  
And he — why, he — declined !

---

### *Remember the Poor.*

A far greater blessing to us 't will insure,  
And a mansion in Heaven will help to secure,  
If we have in kindness remembered the poor.

### The Ice Palace.

In crystalline splendor a sight to behold,  
It rose like Jerusalem's temple of old;  
    No sound of a hammer was there,  
But block upon block, from the ice-harvest cold  
Dissevered and chiseled in exquisite mold,  
    Made up its proportions so fair.

Within its broad galleries gracefully wrought,  
As solid expressions of fanciful thought,  
    A million of luminous beams  
More brilliant than stellar rays lighted the spot  
That shone like a mermaid's sub-aqueous grot,  
    Or the wonderful fabric of dreams.

No cavern stalactic down under the ground,  
With drops of bi-carbonate oozing around  
    In pensile, calcareous cones;  
No ice-impearled castle has ever been found  
With iridal colors so gorgeously crowned  
    As this — of prismatical stones.

As if all the rainbows that ever the sun  
Had kissed into being were blended in one,  
    An arcade of frostwork and dews;  
So gleamed in transparency filaments spun  
By embryo artists — as chromos begun  
    Abounding in scintillant hues.

Not like the renowned Coliseum of Rome,  
A structure upreared from foundation to dome  
By men who wore Slavery's gyves ;  
But Liberty's sons, as if building a home,  
Toiled day after day — as with honey and comb  
Do busy bees labor in hives.

A city-full poured through its glistening halls,  
Its gelid, pellucid, and argentine walls  
Where traffickers offered their wares ;  
Tobogganers awkward in blankets and shawls  
Who struggled as if with Niagara Falls  
Ascending the slippery stairs.

With flambeau, and rocket, and oriflamme bright,  
The Fire King leading his cohorts by night,  
In uniform scarlet and gold,  
Besieged the Ice Monarch who ordered aright,  
And routed with snow-balls the enemy's light  
And left them in darkness and cold.

The King of the carnival pompously grown  
From homage to him so obsequious shown,  
Like Xerxes reviewing his fleet,  
In royal habiliments sat on his throne  
And issued commands in imperious tone  
To vassalry bowed at his feet.

The festival Queen in bewitching array,  
As fair as a maid of Circassia to-day,

With cheeks like twin roses aglow,  
Environed by courtiers and satellites gay  
Regina, the favorite, tempered her sway  
As Helios softens the snow.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fête had gone by — but the sovereign pair,  
Who gave to the scene a nobility air,  
As icicles lovingly cling  
To the roof of a mansion, in happy despair  
Had frozen together and fast to the chair —  
Borealis and bride ! who will have to stay there  
Till palaces melt in the spring.

---

### The Sea.

O it was luxury to feel  
The vital force renewed,  
Upon the Crescent strand to kneel  
In silent gratitude,  
And drink the ocean-breezes in  
Like cordial balm or medicine !  
  
Rejuvenescence in the air,  
As borne on pinions fleet,  
Betrayed its touch in faces fair  
And quick, elastic feet,  
And bounding pulse of all in quest  
Of comfort, happiness, and rest.



What mystery is like the sea ?  
Enhancing Life's brief length  
By added years' sweet guarantee,  
Recruiting health and strength ;  
And yet the yawning sepulcher  
For many a happy voyager.

Is it some sad, remorseful throb  
Provokes its wild unrest,  
That thousands it has dared to rob  
Of whom they loved the best,  
And thus — O, irony of Fate !  
Bereaved ones seeks to compensate ?

As well might we essay to solve  
The riddle of the Sphinx,  
As from Oceanus evolve  
That chain of mystic links  
That fetters in obscurity  
The dark enigma of the sea.

How strange ! its benefits to crave  
With ardent impetus,  
Or choose rencounter with the wave,  
So often treacherous,  
That holds in its profound abyss  
A vast, marine necropolis.

## The Granger.

Look not upon him with disdain,  
Ye dwellers in the town ;  
Nor wax facetious as ye mark  
His homespun garb of brown.

“Only a Granger,” say the rich,  
The favored upper ten ;  
And Madame Grundy shuts her doors  
On Nature’s noblemen.

“Only a Granger,” scoffing cry  
The Wall street bulls and bears,  
Who deal in futures, puts, and calls,  
Gambling in watered shares,  
And scorn the honest son of toil,  
Who fills a *useful* place ;  
Who grows, but does not corner, wheat,  
Nor grinds the poor man’s face.

“Only a Gwanjah,” lisp the dudes,  
Those beings minus brains ;  
Their habitat, convivial clubs,  
Their food, the heads of canes.

“*Only* a Granger,” do you say ?  
Aye, but his labor gains  
The daily bread of myriads,  
And all mankind sustains.

The city's countless denizens,  
The lowly and the great,  
On him depend ; his toil supports  
The fabric of the state.

All honor to the upright men  
Who till our acres broad ;  
By tens of thousands they marched forth  
For country, right, and God,

When dark Secession raised her torch,  
With parricidal hand,  
To light the fires of civil strife  
In our erst-happy land.

And country-nurtured statesmen oft  
In halls of Congress sit,  
Who yield to none in intellect,  
Ability, or wit.

While dudes adjust their single lens,  
Or puff the "Cameo,"  
The farmer ponders the nation's weal,  
E'en as he plies the hoe.

Ye dandies, reverence this man,  
In coat of faded hue ;  
Ye are not worthy to unloose  
His dusty cowhide shoe.

O lady-killer exquisite,  
With face devoid of tan,  
Go, swing the scythe and drive the plow,  
And learn to be a *man*.

HARRY HOWARD.

---

### Somnium Poetae.

Omnia nunc nix arva tegit, premit alba viasque,  
Frigidaque glacies ramis dependet ab altis  
Arborum, et in fluviis vitrea sub veste teguntur  
Undique nunc latices, et hiems superat mala terram.  
Sed mihi jam veris signa adparent venientis ;  
Collibus ecce caput se evolvens tollit ad auras  
Flos violae, dulcis melioris nuntius horae.  
Tum laetus tam dulce poeta patore fenestrae  
Spectans, somnit agros segetum messi locupletes ;  
Junix candida arat, pellit genialis arator ;  
Querci sub patera recubans umbra, ipse tuetur,  
Cum volucres cantant, et formosissima Tellus.  
Atque procul pastor pecus amplum ducit in arvis,  
Errando atque canit modulamina rustica avena.  
Et — sed nunc subito glaciei moles cadit alto  
Ab tecto, factusque fragor, monet atque poetam  
Jam esse hiemem, nondumque aestatis tempus adesse ;  
Evigilat, piget et vatem, versatque fenestra.

HARRY HOWARD.

*"Sugaring Off."*

Round after round in rugged tramp,  
But wholesome discipline,  
By sturdy hands about the camp  
The sap was gathered in ;  
When one, perspiring, very red,  
And sitting on a trough,  
"To close the season," so he said,  
Proposed to "sugar off."

Beyond the farm-house still and white,  
Beyond the poplar bars,  
A lignous pile emitted light  
That paled the brightest stars ;  
Where caldrons hung, like those of which  
The Bard of Avon told,  
With ebullition contents rich  
Above the flame of gold.

A score or more of beaux and belles  
On toothsomeness intent,  
Like buzzing bees in flower-dells  
Inhaled the maple scent ;  
Who danced around in impish glee  
Like witches in Macbeth,  
And stirred the sweet consistency,  
And laughed till out of breath.

In fidget spells, by trial sips  
Of liquid boiling hot,  
How many burned their saucy lips ;  
And pouted at the thought  
Of strips of plaster stretched across  
Each rosy orifice,  
Or sighed in secret o'er the loss  
Of some prospective kiss.

Anon, the mass like melted wax  
Electrified their hopes,  
Who followed out diversion's tracks  
By making candy ropes ;  
That by mysterious lasso twirls —  
*How*, record never tells —  
Glued ribbon-bows and spiral curls  
To overcoat lapels.

How many lads in languid pose  
Leaned later 'gainst the trees,  
The sticky syrup on their clothes,  
The 'lasses on their knees —  
That is, the sugar ! — never yet  
Hath language run so fast —  
But one can never quite forget  
What happened decades past.

Such fun beyond the curfew hour  
A Puritan might rue,

Or like an unbelieving Giaour  
 Deny the statement true ;  
 But so it was — till *Pater* (and  
 A lantern) caused surprise,  
 Who quite broke up the festive band  
 And captured their supplies.

O, with a wild remembrance-thrill  
 My heart in rapture beats !  
 The egg-shell cups again I fill  
 With granulated sweets,  
 And mold in scalloped patty-pans  
 Delicious maple cakes  
 As yellow as the golden sands,  
 But pure as snowy flakes.

I've been, as by the drift of chance,  
 A wanderer for years  
 From those delightful, happy haunts  
 That memory endears ;  
 But never life hath been so bright  
 As when, upon a trough  
 With Peter Stump, one blessed night  
 I helped to “ sugar off.”

\* \* \* \* \*

And for *his* sake, where'er he is,  
 This rustic ode I pen  
 To stir his risibilities ;  
 The jolliest of men,

Though Prelate of the Holy See ;  
Who dreams sometimes I know  
Of sweetness, sap, and sorcery —  
O, years and years ago !

---

### Life.

Like over-wrought embroideries  
In dainty handicraft embossed,  
Producing strange complexities  
In which the true design is lost,  
So life a tangled fabric is,  
With threads half-hidden, linked and crossed.

We all are weaving day by day,  
Like ancient, notable housewife,  
In our unskilled, imperfect way,  
'Mid cares and disappointments rife,  
Rude ells of fretwork to portray  
At last the finished web of life.

But proud success for which we yearn  
Is often hid in trembling doubt ;  
And when the cause we would discern  
Of hinderance, or threatened rout,  
We find that some unlucky turn  
The woof of years has raveled out.



## A Gobelin Tapestry.

[Of the time of Louis Quatorze.]

O, had this royal, rich relique —  
This rare *chef-d'œuvre*, odd and old —  
Volition, and a tongue to speak,  
What history it might unfold !  
'Twould take us back to gilded days  
Of dissolute, imperial France ;  
When Moliere wrote his classic lays,  
And Fenelon his grand romance.

O, time ! how nearly memory fails  
To trace its great antiquity —  
Revert to Fontainebleau, Versailles,  
And Louis, lord of luxury !  
A sovereign's gift, it may have graced  
The palace home of Maintenon ;  
Or gratified the cultured taste  
Of connoisseurs, long dead and gone.

It forms the imagery of dreams,  
Invades the Sabbath sanctity,  
Disturbs sweet solitude, and seems  
Like some hobgoblin mystery ;  
The present fades and slips away,  
A panoramic view unrolls  
Of lords and ladies, good and gay,  
Or passion-fed, salacious souls.

Then handed down from sire to son  
Along the Bourbon dynasty,  
What admiration hath it won  
In many a court festivity !  
Perchance it hung behind the throne  
'Mid velvet arras in a scene  
Where, like an orient vision, shone  
The fair proportions of a queen.

Was e'er a penny spent in alms  
That this embellished treasure cost —  
Per favor dropped within the palms  
That o'er and o'er its meshes crossed ?  
For hands that could so deftly trace  
A pattern thus complex and quaint,  
Might join the ends of raveled lace,  
Or Love's unconscious blushes paint.

Did some poor maid, without renown,  
Toil on the fabric late and long —  
Whose pittance bought her wedding gown,  
Its price a sixpence and a song ?  
Or does it breathe of cloister-cells  
Where pensive virgins, hid for years,  
With faces white as immortelles  
Their rosaries told through silent tears ?

Or in those far-famed factories,  
Where Gobelin artificers

Knew naught of hard monopolies  
Except as ill-paid laborers,  
Was bright young manhood's supple strength  
Through weary seasons robbed of grace,  
Embossing one brief ell in length —  
But one that time should not efface?

But why should crowds so frantic be  
Before this antiquated gem —  
As 'twere a charm, phylactery,  
Or sort of amulet for them?  
Have not our busy dames and belles  
With cunning fingers wrought to-day,  
By feminine, spasmodic spells,  
In just as true, artistic way?

Look at our screens and crazy quilts,  
Our lambrequins hung everywhere,  
The reptile tribe, or birds on stilts  
That decorate our gay *portieres*;  
Embroidered dogs on ottomans,  
So natural that, in the dark,  
As faithful household guardians  
They ever serve — but never bark.

O modern art! deery the thought  
That more than we our grandmas knew;  
Or that our predecessors caught  
Diviner rays — it isn't true! —

And though in raptures eloquent,  
And rhapsodies we oft engage,  
'Tis not o'er skill more excellent —  
But that it bears the stamp of age.

Then, reverend seniors, hear our lay !  
Be not like doleful pessimists,  
Lugubrious while growing gray,  
For loving loyalty insists  
Upon our honest guarantee ;  
'Tis worth the token — be consoled —  
For, like this ancient tapestry,  
We'll honor you — because you're old !

---

### Beautiful Eyes.

As clear as lovely Lake Tahoe !  
That, like a mirror's polished face,  
Reveals pure depths where one may trace  
The shrubs and flowers that round it grow ;  
So, as in pantomimic show,  
Within their liquid fathoms glow  
Quick fancies darting to and fro.

Like opals, changeable to view,  
Their matchless beauty is displayed  
In shifting tints of light and shade ;

As if prismatic drops of dew  
Had let the golden sunlight through,  
And intercepting rays of blue  
Took each its own cerulean hue.

Anon they flash like orbs of jet,  
As dark as night, of velvet black;  
And, like a gipsy's, might hurl back  
The charge of saucy, gay coquette  
From some bewildered amoret;  
Then, gray and brown together met,  
Grow angel-like in meek regret.

As radiant as diamonds bright  
In exquisite *eadean de nocte*;  
A bridal token less verbose,  
More pleasing unto sense and sight  
Of one upon her marriage-night,  
Than tomes of missives pink and white  
That loving thought could e'er indite.

A matron's are those love-lit eyes;  
Within whose fringe-encircled spheres  
A soulful, wistful look appears,  
That seems to blend, in meaning wise,  
The glory and the sweet surprise  
Of something seen beyond the skies —  
The mystery of Paradise.

Divining-stars ! they haunt me so,  
And secrets seem to read as well ;  
For things I never meant to tell  
To anybody, friend or foe,  
Maybe that happened long ago,  
Are pictured in them — just as though  
Some solemn certainty they know.

---

### A Day in Ancient Rome.

(A Recitation before the Chautauqua Circle.)

Come, let us leave these narrow bounds  
That circumscribe the sphere of home,  
And soar away beyond the sea —  
And spend a day in ancient Rome !

In far Italia's sunny land  
Where roll the Arno and the Po,  
Where turrets rise from castles grand  
Beside the Tiber's rapid flow.

O, mists of buried years, roll back !  
And bring, in retrospective glance,  
The Roman epoch and an age  
That time and distance but enhance.

A few rude shepherds on a hill,  
Their huts and herds, an earthen wall  
That hemmed them in from troublous foes —  
Let these the dawn of Rome recall.

Yet, from this petty fortress sprung  
A mighty nation that compelled  
All Italy to own her sway,  
And distant peoples subject held ;

That grew in splendor, wealth, and power,  
Became the home of cultured art,  
And on the world's arena played  
For centuries the sovereign's part.

Great deities have been dethroned,  
Their thunderbolts are harmless now ;  
And so, within their temple walls,  
We stand on Campidoglio's brow,

And cast expectant, rapturous eyes  
Far to the distant Orient —  
Where Helios in splendor rose,  
Whose orbit spans the firmament.

Here at our feet the Forum lies,  
Where Cicero with silver tongue  
Entranced the wondering populace,  
Who on his thrilling accents hung.

This stony pavement tessellate  
Re-echoed once victorious tread  
Of conquering armies from the wars  
Where Caesar, or where Pompey, led.

Who laid the trophies of success  
Down at the feet of Jupiter ;  
For ignorant, blind devotees  
Of heathen gods those ancients were.

On yonder cliff precipitous  
That shadowed the transgressor's gate,  
The traitoress, Tarpeia, met  
At Sabine hands her wretched fate.

We tread the Corso's busy street,  
That once triumphal arches spanned ;  
The Campus Martius wander o'er —  
For promenade and pleasure planned.

Down through the great Pantheon's dome  
The golden sunlight falls aslant ;  
Like Heaven's benediction on  
A scene that seraphim might haunt.

Before yon Colosseum's pile  
Might wandering Jews let fall a tear  
For captives of their hapeless race  
Compelled those mighty walls to rear.

Oh, were those ruins animate,  
And could their history unfold,  
A wondering world would pause to hear  
Their record of the days of old !



We should forget this sordid life,  
Our dearest hopes remember not,  
To revel in that glorious past  
With such associations fraught.

The Via Sacra we might walk  
With Horace, our companion-guide —  
Or Virgil, whose enchanting lays  
Are our rich legacy and pride.

O, fallen Rome! thy prestige gone,  
Of opulence and splendor shorn,  
Till, of thy grandeur, naught remains  
Save fragments — shattered and forlorn.

Thus, proudest monuments upreared  
By man shall yield to slow decay;  
The sun shall fade, the stars shall fall,  
Yea, Heaven and earth shall pass away.

When futile things and scenes of time,  
Ephemeral and insecure,  
Into oblivion have passed,  
Jehovah and his word endure.

Then what to us if funeral pyre  
Receive our dust, or crumbling sod —  
Or where the soul's abode may be,  
If it but safely rest — in God?

## “Mad Rose.”

(A Seaside Episode.)

Her nose was long, but ended in  
    A mighty sudden point ;  
Not plump, nor plumb above the chin,  
    But always out of joint.  
Her eyes were serious, dull, and sad ;  
    Cosmetics made her fair ;  
I knew all this, but then she had  
    The most bewitching hair.  
Molasses candy color shone  
    In each resplendent braid,  
That threw the golden light of sun  
    Completely in the shade ;  
And when in one symmetric coil  
    Upon her classic head,  
It made the other maidens boil  
    With envy — so they said.  
As neatly as an artisan  
    Might turn a polish-lathe,  
I asked her — I, a modest man —  
    To go with me — and bathe.  
Nay, be not shocked ! this etiquette  
    Is practised every day  
“Down by the sea” — and yet — and yet —  
    They’re proper — in their way.

A Naiad sojourns in this town  
 Who like a duck can swim,  
 Or like a tub float upside down,  
 Who boasts — she learned of *him*.  
 Of course 'twould never do on land,  
 “*Out-land-ish*” it would be —  
 And this is why, we understand,  
 So many go to sea.  
 My painted boat at anchor lay,  
 A jaunty craft, but frail,  
 So, apropos, to close the day  
 We took an evening sail.  
 A bit of caution going, down,  
 She gave me on the stair :  
 “Now, Fred ! look out ! if I should drown,  
 Don't grab me by the hair !”  
 Her book account eclipsed her nose,  
 She was a “million-heir-  
 ess ; so I said : My darling Rose,  
 I'd grab *you* — anywhere !”  
 The sky grew dark, the wind arose,  
 The shore lay far beyond ;  
 Her face was white as her summer-clothes,  
 And mine to correspond.  
 The boat gave one tremendous pitch,  
 The gale took off her hat —  
*I never dreamed* she wore a switch,  
 And made of jute, at that !

And grappled with despairing force,  
And sense of urgent need,  
At something slippery and coarse  
Like rope of ocean-weed.  
That "mortal coil" came shuffling off,  
And, wriggling like an eel,  
It fell into "the water-trough,"  
And soon was — *ausgespielt*.  
Alas! the pleasure of the day  
Was marred — and I am sad —  
For my unlucky *fiancée*  
Is bald — and *awful mad*!

---

### The Maker of the Bells.

In that land beyond the sea  
Where the Pope "a prisoner" dwells,  
In a hovel, it may be,  
Lived the maker of the bells;  
Bells that rang in hospices,  
Called St. Bernard monks to prayer  
Or to wandering refugees  
Spake of rest and shelter there.  
  
Bells resounding through the halls  
Of the stately Vatican,  
Or intoned in cottage-walls  
Roused the slumbering fisherman;

Bells enshrined in monarchs' homes,  
Trembling like their diadems,  
Chiming in cathedral domes,  
Tolling holy requiems.

Oh ! the sound of wedding-bells  
Due to his metallic art,  
Mingling oft with funeral knells,  
Echoed in his very heart;  
Till like friends his bells became,  
He could name them one by one,  
Listening by fagot-flame  
When his day of toil was done.

In the belfry-tower of Fame,  
When his masterpiece was placed,  
Ruthless the invader came,  
His beloved land laid waste ;  
Carried to a foreign coast,  
Like a stolen captive bird,  
His especial pride and boast —  
Clearer bells were never heard.

Long he sorrowed, like a child  
For a playmate dead and gone,  
To his loss unreconciled  
Vain it were to labor on ;  
So a wanderer he became,  
Drifting to the Emerald isle,

Homeless, hopeless, bent in frame,  
Never seen or known to smile.

When the clouds of dark despair  
Hung above him like a pall,  
Sweeter than the voice of prayer,  
Louder than muezzin-call,  
Over Erin's vale and strand,  
Solemn waves of atmosphere  
Bore to him, in anthem grand,  
Sounds that thrilled his startled ear.

In a moment, as it were,  
Time and space and grief forgot,  
He, the skilled artificer,  
Glimpses of Italia caught ;  
Of his workshop and his home,  
Children climbing on his knee,  
While above St. Peter's dome  
Rang his chimes across the sea.

Oh ! it seemed that buried years  
All came back as in a dream,  
Smiles were born of happy tears  
On the banks of Shannon's stream ;  
Never music banished pain  
Like his bells — of life a part ;  
But the sudden joyous strain  
Snapped the tension of his heart.

## Adele.

Turn where I may her face I see,  
So beautiful and bright,  
One year ago as it looked to me  
Upon her wedding-night;  
And it seems so strange that she is gone,  
As a star might fade in orient dawn.

Within the sanctuary aisle,  
While music filled the place,  
With buoyant step and beaming smile,  
In all her queenly grace  
I saw her first, a peerless bride;  
A lover's joy, a husband's pride.

Could one of all that brilliant throng,  
This bitter day foresee,  
Or know how soon the nuptial song  
A solemn dirge should be,  
Or in that festal atmosphere  
Discern the shadow of a bier?

Into the dear old church once more  
She comes — oh, not as then!  
The sad-faced preacher walks before,  
And hands of reverent men  
Bear slowly through a weeping crowd  
The bride of death — in her snowy shroud.

O Earth! encumbered everywhere  
With dull, unlovely flowers,  
Could'st thou not sooner, better spare,  
Than this fair bloom of ours,  
Some one that tender look nor word  
Compassionate had ever stirred?

The world shall miss her pleasantry,  
And friends her dear caress,  
And days and years to come shall be  
So full of weariness;  
While cherished hopes in ruins lie,  
And cloud-like gloom obscures the sky.

O long as memory shall last,  
'Twill bear on sorrow's wave  
A thought of her, with blessings past,  
In motherhood who gave  
Herself, a dying sacrifice,  
For a stranger soul from Paradise.

---

### Two Questions.

The world perchance may bear in mind  
The query: "What is left behind?"  
But angels ask, when all is o'er:  
"What deeds of good have gone before?"



## Western Justice.

'Twas a session of court in an Occident town,  
And the criminal stood in the dock —  
The same who had shot a poor Chinaman down —  
With a countenance hard as a rock.

As if to dispel every doubt of his guilt,  
And strengthen the tragic report,  
There lay the Celestial whose blood had been spilt,—  
That is, his “remainder” — in court.

The judge, with his sombrero tipped on his head,  
And his pantaloons tucked in his boots,  
Was bound to “dispense (*with*) the law,” — so he  
“That the present predicament suits.” [said —

The statutes were strict and the chances were slim,  
And well might the law-breaker quail,  
When justice, impartial, accorded to him  
A ninety days' sojourn in jail.

“Now, Judge! I'll be hanged—that's a little too steep,  
For surely your honor must know  
That the life of a coolie, though ever so cheap,  
Was never so shockingly low.”

The man of the ermine betrayed no remorse,  
But read from the page on his knee:  
“The minimum — six months for stealing a horse,  
For killing a Chinaman — three!”

## The Beautiful Hand.

In thoughtful mood, I sought to trace  
My favorite author's plans,  
When suddenly before my face  
Uprose four shapely hands.

Their merry owners, young and fair,  
Purloined my chosen book,  
And crowded round my easy-chair  
With eager, wistful look,

And begged for my decision calm,  
To ease their minds distressed ;  
Which hand before me bore the palm  
Of beauty, o'er the rest.

Divinely, finely-moulded, all  
My admiration drew  
To native grace, that might enthrall  
An artist's fancy, too.

Of one I praised the matchless form,  
And its consummate skill,  
And clasped another, soft and warm,  
With sweet and tender thrill.

The fairy palm that lay in mine  
Like some pellucid gem,  
Might tempt a monarch to resign  
His rightful diadem.

A duchess might have coveted  
Such models plump and small ;  
And I, by many fancies led,  
Could not decide at all.

“My dear young friends,” I made reply,  
“The fairest, best, most true  
In all this world, becomes so by  
The good that it can do.”

“They all are beautiful to me,  
And if one does excel  
In loveliness, the other three,  
My wisdom cannot tell.”

“If, in its honest palm, each day  
Some deed of kindness lives,  
Go ask the poor, — and they will say  
‘It is the hand that gives.’”

---

### Parted.

Peace is born of Pain, and we  
Say, submissive, “Thy will be!”  
Fate has parted you and me.

### To The Stars.

Empyreal lamps, forever bright,  
Set in the ebon dome of night  
    Like studs of sparkling gold,  
What marvels, since Creation's dawn,  
Your starry orbs have gazed upon,  
    For centuries untold !

Your light shone luminous and warm  
Ere Nature rounded into form  
    This whirling mundane sphere ;  
Ere Luna, with her argent beams,  
Bright guardian of a world in dreams,  
    Poured forth effulgence clear.

There was a time when sages sought  
To win, by ceaseless toil and thought,  
    The secrets of the skies ;  
To read the destinies of man,  
And fathom God's mysterious plan,  
    Concealed from mortal eyes.

Oh, later Science laughs to scorn,  
As idle superstition, born  
    Of ignorance profound,  
The ancient astrologic art,  
Which swayed the seer's prophetic heart,  
    And made him world-renowned.

Great prophets, once accounted wise,  
With straining orbs who searched the skies,  
    Your plan excites our mirth ;  
For we, with lengthened tube of brass  
And double lens of convex glass,  
    Bring down the stars to earth.

HARRY HOWARD.

### A Noted Place.

A picture hangs upon my wall  
That fascinates the gaze of all ;  
    It is no dream of fancy,  
The reveling of fond conceit  
In some fantastic brain replete  
    With wild extravagancy.

Nor he who dared the scene to limn  
Could so have wrought from idle whim,  
    But, as by inspiration ;  
And gave to common things the glow  
That angel fingers might bestow  
    On some divine creation.

Who seized the palette of the skies,  
And dipped his brush in Eden dyes,  
    And caught the sunset glory,  
To represent — a waterfall

As issuing from a ragged wall  
Of rock with cycles hoary.

A deep ravine, o'ershadowed by  
Huge precipices mountain high ;  
That stand, as cleft asunder,  
Like bold gigantic sentinels  
To guard the loveliest of dells,  
And Nature's rarest wonder.

A streamlet bent like a shepherd's crook,  
Defining many a cozy nook,  
Within whose sweet seclusion  
May weary toilers, care-distressed,  
Enraptured linger, dream, and rest ;  
Secure from rude intrusion.

Where cunning elves, in sportive freak,  
Might play at charming "hide and seek"  
Till, echoing long after,  
Should hill and dale return the sound  
Of wild hilarity's rebound,  
In peals of spirit-laughter.

Might not the amatory Muse  
Who in her dainty chalice brews  
The wine of fond desire —  
The lovely rose-crowned Erato,  
In these recesses long ago  
Have tuned her magic lyre ?

Whose dulcet strains inspire still,  
And touch with Passion's tender thrill,  
The scores of youthful lovers  
That here, in some sequestered spot,  
Remembering each — the world forgot —  
One everywhere discovers.

Oh motley crowds of visitors,  
As artists, tramps, philosophers,  
The place are ever haunting;  
So oft described by tongue and pen  
That all the world knows "Watkins' Glen"  
Is perfectly enchanting.

### *Imm-Hospitality.*

Within a spacious corridor,  
A waiter found a visitor,  
His visage drawn into a knot  
With mortal rage, because he thought  
The management had tricked him;  
"Are you a guest of this hotel?"  
Asked the white-aproned Afric swell.  
"A guest! No, I'm a victim!"

HARRY HOWARD.

## Loved and Lost.

O it was sad to bear her  
    (That chill November night)  
Away from all who loved her so,  
    Away from life and light ;  
To hollow a grave in the frozen mold,  
And leave her alone in the dark and cold.

As if the dress that robed her  
    Like shining nebulae,  
When marriage-vows unclosed her lips,  
    Now folded rigidly,  
And pillows soft her cheeks that press  
Could give her warmth's luxuriousness.

O could a ray of sunshine,  
    To cheer the long, long hours,  
Have struggled through the casket-lid  
    With all its wealth of flowers,  
And through the satin and the lace,  
The iciness 'twould half displace.

Or had it been that morning's  
    Delicious light and air  
Had bathed her grave a little while,  
    Before we laid her there,  
We could have turned away with less  
Regret, and more of hopefulness.



If day's meridian splendor  
Had fallen on her face,  
When tearfully we laid her in  
Her lowly dwelling-place,  
It would have seemed in loving thought  
A golden halo round the spot.

Upon the solemn midnight,  
From hearts unreconciled,  
Goes out the pleading anguish-cry,  
Despairing, sad, and wild:  
"Beloved, from that unseen shore  
Come back, come back to us once more."

O heaven must be brighter  
For one like summer's rose  
Who perished in her loveliness,  
And sleeps beneath the snows;  
But, in immortal grace and bloom,  
Who lives again beyond the tomb.

---

### Our Fault.

If never in our skies appear  
Refulgent gleams the heart to cheer,  
And make the sombre world aglow;  
If Life is always dull and drear,  
'Tis just because we make it so.

### “The Mind Cure.”

Oh, who knows what the “mind cure” is?  
The “latest craze” in remedies

That everybody’s trying —  
For if the rumors half be true  
Of all that it is said to do,  
’Twill save a world of dying.

“The age of miracles is past!  
A nine-days’ wonder — ’twill not last!”

So says the horrid skeptic;  
But, on the other hand, we find  
A host of maimed, and halt, and blind,  
Consumptive and dyspeptic,

Of rich and poor, of high and low,  
Who’ve tried it, and who ought to know,  
Declare there’s virtue in it;  
They say it beats their puzzled brains  
How it can banish ills and pains,  
In less than half a minute.

It takes a “crank,” as full of kinks  
As a wire-mattress is of links,  
With aching joints rheumatic,  
And straightens every tangle out;  
And makes him run and leap and shout  
In sudden joy ecstatic.

Suppose a stomach's knotted up  
Until it can't retain a sup  
Of anything (but whisky),  
Just seek the "mind-magician's" haunt,  
He says, "Eat anything you want!"  
Is not this rather risky?

•

A pair of squinting, crooked eyes  
That never saw the azure skies  
But as a cross-barred vision,  
With one unbiass'd, air-line glance  
Straightway transforms the broad expanse  
Into a scene Elysian.

They say a twisted, curved back-bone,  
That like the letter S has grown,  
Can be a thing of beauty;  
Each vertebra its place slip in,  
Without a drop of medicine —  
But just from sense of duty.

Now, this is certainly benign!  
For who could live without a spine —  
A reservoir for marrow?  
The plan should anybody try,  
He very soon would occupy  
A space secure — but narrow.

•

Old foggy doctors of the town  
Would dearly love to put it down,  
As humbug — for the fact is,  
They find “their occupation’s gone,”  
As patients everywhere are drawn  
To this new-fangled practice.

A journal, too, renowned and wise,  
The noble “mind-cure” classifies  
With modern “shams, delusions.”  
With “woman suffrage, come-out schemes”  
Of some fanatic’s phantom dreams —  
Oh, what absurd conclusions!

We don’t see why an editor  
Should ever cast a harmless slur  
On innocent diversions;  
But greatly fear — the thought is sad —  
That “too much learning makes him mad,”  
And fond of mild aspersions.

What does the “mind-cure doctor” do?  
Why, not a thing but look at you,  
As if he were enchanted;  
And presently, your stubborn will  
Is conquered by his little (?) bill,  
Which in your face is flaunted.

O matchless "mind-cure" mystery!  
Let not the bond of faith in thee  
    A ruthless hand dissever;  
For they who once thy name maligned,  
Are "sitting, clothed, in their right mind,"  
    And hope to live — forever.

---

### ① *Wear a Smiling Face.*

O wear a smiling face,  
    No matter what your sorrow!  
Let not the doleful trace  
Of private woes displace  
The sunny glance, nor chase  
    Bright hours into the morrow!  
  
And speak a cheerful word,  
    E'en though your heart be breaking!  
Like happy song of bird,  
It may revive when heard  
Some drooping spirit, stirred  
    To depths of bitter aching.

It is not ours to know  
    How oft a nobler yearning,  
In some sad life below,  
Is born of that sweet glow  
The countenance doth show  
    With love-light ever burning.

## A Christmas Fowl.

Five mortal hours I cooked that chicken,  
And then sat down and cried ;  
For when a fork I tried to stick in,  
It never pierced its hide.

A tougher biped strutted never  
Upon a barn-yard plain ;  
I'd like to wring its neck forever,  
And would, if I had it again.

I put in soda, salt and savor-  
y stuff, till nearly dark,  
To reconstruct that ancient flavor,  
That smelt like Noah's ark.

And waited — I, a starving sinner —  
Till six o'clock at night ;  
And ordered, long before the dinner,  
The paraffine — for light.

I half-expired, no longer able  
To bear such emptiness ;  
And just revived when to the table  
It came — in evening dress.

But when the platter took its form on  
Its horrid eye-teeth showed ;  
And just as true as I'm a Mormon,  
That chicken got up and crowed.









UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-100m-9,'52(A3105)444

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 023 860 0

PS  
2014  
H82 1

